AN ORPHAN'S BIRTHDAY.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

How old am I? Say, how old can I be?
But now my hair falls down to answer me;
Oh, very strange! it wears a golden glow—
Where have these many ages left their snow?

For have not ages past? And have not *I*
Beheld them like black shadows gliding by,
Raising and ruining with gigantic hand
Bright palaces and temples dim and grand?

When Memnon—stony worshipper of fire!
Tuned for his god, the Sun, a viewless lyre,
Did I not hear each glad or wailing note
Among the breezeless palms of Egypt float?

When by the strange-eyed seers in ancient nights
From the sublimity of Asia's hights,
The awful secrets of the sky were read,
Did I not gaze above with voiceless dread?

When to the cradle of their infant king
The magi of the Orient came to bring
Their gifts of gold and myrrh, did I not see
The star that led them to Divinity?

When on the cross, beneath a blackened sun,
Thorn-crowned and bloody, hung God's Holy One,
Was I not there, beside the mocking Jew,
And cursed with an *undying* sorrow, too!

And when men made Religion of their dreams,
Have I not, in its dim, illusive beams,
Talked with Egeria by her cavern fount,
And met the gods on the Olympian mount?

How I am wandering! * * *Mother!* dost thou know
It is my birthday? Or has long ago
Faded from thy soul's memory, as the flowers
Did from our garden—now no longer ours?

What glories light the sunset's silent strand!
And is it fancy! No—I see them stand,
Two angels, that seem gazing at my world
As if their wings from flight but now were furled.

Oh, Mother—*oh, my Mother!* is it thou,
Who com'st with an attending spirit now
To look upon thy child? But no, no, *no*—
Thou couldst not stand afar and watch me so!

Why mock me? They are *not* weird shapes of cloud
That 'mid yon burning splendors wait, unbowed,
While I fling kisses toward their shores of light:
Oh, take them to my mother, angels bright!

But go not yet—alas! ye may not stay;
The passing sunset bears your forms away:
Ye vanish from my gaze like all things fair
That ever shed their gleams of beauty there.

Ah, the moon rises—now *it* ever seems
To blend a sadness with its quiet beams,
And drag a vail of mist across the skies—
But 't may be that the mist is in my eyes.

Oh! in those vast and glorious worlds of light,
Which crowd the grand infinitude of night,
Is there no room for me? that I must dwell
'Mid dust and death, and hear, and say: Farewell?

ANNE HOPE'S STORY.

AS TOLD BY HERSELF.

I do not remember my mother, and I am only dimly conscious of the occurrence of the event which colored and gave form to my life. I know that she was very good and beautiful, but I remember only the stepmother whom, when I was about three years old, my father brought home to fill the place of her who had died in the first hours of my life. I have been told hat her reception of me was very cold and distant, but I remember nothing of it, as I was too young to receive impressions, unless from some marked manifestation of feeling, and she, no doubt, strove to appear outwardly kind to her husband's child, in the first days of her married life.

Mrs. Hope had three daughters of her own, all older than myself, though still children, at the period of her marriage to my father. And I was not long unconscious of the distinction made between them and me, not only in the way of kindness and caresses from her, but in the care bestowed on us by domestics. If I had not felt these things with the grief of sensitive childhood, my old nurse would not long have left me in ignorance. Her complaints of the injustice done to her darling were both loud and frequent. And at last a deadly feud was waged between her and the nurse of the Misses Lynde, (my step-mother's children,) which made the interference of Mrs. Hope necessary. I was severely punished, for what Mrs. Hope named impertinence, and which consisted in an angry and enthusiastic defence of my nurse, and that faithful creature was ignominiously dismissed.

Hitherto my father had taken no part in our domestic dissensions, perhaps had not noticed them. But when I pined and sickened in the absence of my nurse, his affection was not blind to the change. He interfered, and she was restored to me. Thenceforth there was continual discord beneath our roof.

But I would not dwell upon the childish portion of my history. I wish only to show you the unhappy influences which surrounded my early years. Estranged from the children of my stepmother, never sharing the caresses she bestowed upon them, scarcely permitted even to know and love, as I yearned to do, my own little brother, (for my nurse, in perpetual disgrace, was compelled to live alone with her charge,) and knowing no friends but her and the father whom, in those years, I seldom saw, I had none of the sprightliness, the fearlessness and joyousness of childhood. My days were spent in the monotony of my dull nursery, or in dull walks with the kind old woman, in some hopeless attempts at learning things which my nurse was told by the maids that the Misses Lynde were being taught, and I grew a melancholy, despairing child, and listened often in wonder to the distant sounds of merriment from the apartments of the other children, which I never thought of entering.

But there came a change at last. I was ten years old when my father failed. For years he had been busily building up a fortune, as he supposed. All ventures had succeeded in his hands, and so, I suppose, he had grown reckless. There came a time when all his property was invested in various ways, and he was looking forward to a speedy ingathering of a harvest of gain, equal to his highest wishes, to be followed by retirement from all active participation in the turmoil of commercial life. A series of calamities, occurring within the space of a few months, overthrew the fair fabric of wealth and hope, and the millionaire became a ruined man.

Broken in heart and health he came home to us and never again embarked in active life. My stepmother's fortune was large, and there was no reduction in our expenditure, nor change in our mode of life outwardly. My father took me into his own care, and my nurse went to live in a cottage in the village.

He found me shockingly ignorant, for I had had no instruction save such as the old woman could give me, and a few chance lessons from the governess of the Misses Lynde who had sometimes compassionated my forlorn condition, and had answered my questions, and given me tasks which I recited to her by stealth.

My father turned to books in his misfortune and loneliness. He taught me everything that I wished to know, and he was well-fitted for the task, for, though devoted for many years to business, he had been a scholar in his youth, and his fondness for literature revived in these days of leisure. My fresh young mind, so ardent and eager in its pursuit of knowledge, no doubt, stimulated his own wearied faculties, and with ever renewed delight we two, so isolated in our own home, plunged into the fascinating employments before us.

There was almost complete estrangement between my father and his wife. They seldom met, save at meals and in the presence of company. The tie that bound them, never very strong, had been sundered almost entirely by the death of my little brother, and by the neglect and contempt with which I had been treated. Mrs. Hope busied herself in her fashionable pursuits, and in bringing out her daughters, and we seldom saw her in the library, which was our chosen retreat.

Thus five years rolled away. Though so quietly and monotonously passed, they had been years of profit to me. I had learned much. I had drunk from the profounder depths of knowledge, and though utterly without feminine accomplishments, I was known among the few friends who recognized my existence, and tauntingly mentioned by the Misses Lynde as "the learned young lady."

At this period my stepmother's two elder daughters were married. She was much pleased at this, as they made what are termed "grand matches." They were married upon the same day, and amidst great festivities.

Myself and the younger Miss Lynde were bridesmaids. It was the first time I had ever mingled in Mrs. Hope's gay circle, but the lady was politic enough to know that her husband's daughter must not be neglected on such an occasion.

The house was lonely when they were gone. Hester Lynde then began to seek my company. She was a year my senior, a silly, gossipping girl, but good-natured because, I fancy, she was too indolent to be anything else. She persuaded her mother to let me share her lessons in music and painting. Mrs. Hope ingraciously asked me to do so, and after consulting my father I consented, on condition that Hester should study with me some of the more solid branches of learning, to which I had hitherto devoted myself.

The three years that followed were the pleasantest that ever I spent in my father's house. We saw little of Mrs. Hope, who had suddenly become a devotee, and was constantly engaged in societies and poor clubs. But Hester was daily improving. Released from the influence of her mother and sisters, and spending her time in serious pursuit of knowledge, in communication with my father's vigorous mind, and my own inquiring one, the better qualities of her being developed and expanded. I began to love her like a sister. And all this time I was revelling in harmony and color, drinking in lessons of delight, and, for the first time in my life, learning something of the ideal world of Art.

Oh, those were happy days, marred only by the occasional thought that my father grew paler and more feeble. But to my questions he answered only that he was well, quite well, and I ascribed to his increasing age these sure indications of decay.

But at length I could be no longer deceived. Soon my father remained all day upon a couch in the library. In a little time he did not leave his room till mid-day, and then, after a week or two, he did not leave it at all, and I knew that he was dying.

Oh, those sad and wretched weeks during which I watched my dying parent in hopeless anxiety, my watch unshared by any but poor Hester, and broken only by the rare visits of Mrs. Hope, who never believed, until the last, that danger was imminent! The end came at last, and the sufferer was at rest! I looked upon his peaceful, dead face and grew strangely calm. So long as his senseless remains were with me I did not so deeply feel my desolation. But when he was hidden from my sight forever, it came upon my spirit in a great flood that, for a time, swept away every thought but that of my selfish sorrow.

I was very soon roused from this state, however, and that with no tender hand. My stepmother announced to me that she was about to break up her establishment, and spend some years in Europe, and coldly inquired what were my plans. Till then I had not thought of any change. My grief had absorbed me, and though I knew that I was poor, I had thought to live on as I had always done in my father's house. But I now learned that this had passed from his hands, and that there was nothing I could claim as my own but his library and my mother's jewels. Mrs. Hope coldly told me that she supposed that my father's design in giving me the education he had done had been to prepare me for a teacher, and that if I wished she would, before she sailed, use her influence to procure me a situation either in a seminary or as governess.

I had a long period for thought when left alone. I looked at my future as I foreshadowed it, and found myself thrown adrift upon a sea of doubt. I had never been at a school, and had learned nothing by routine except music and painting. I knew nothing of children, or of young persons, with the single exception of Hester. And both these circumstances were manifestly against any attempt to impart instruction. In music and painting I might succeed, but in instruction from books I felt I had no chance.

Three days passed before the subject was again mentioned by Mrs. Hope, and during this time preparations were going on for the removal that would leave me homeless. I had no long time for decision, but when she spoke to me I had already arranged the outline of my plans.

Surprise and disapproval were very plainly expressed in her countenance as she listened to me. I told her simply that I had decided to remove to the city, and take a room in some boarding-house, and attempt to get pupils in music and painting, these being the only things that I had been taught in a manner which made it likely I should succeed in teaching them to others; and that I preferred living alone to being connected with a large school. She replied that perhaps for my father's sake she ought to interfere to compel me, if necessary, to seek a proper home, instead of carrying into effect my wild scheme of living alone, but I had always been a wilful and disobedient child, neither grateful nor affectionate to her. She should allow me to take my own course, now, and perhaps when I had seen how foolish it was, I would be penitent enough to seek her aid, which she hoped she should have so much Christian forgiveness as to be ready to bestow at any time.

I received this speech as it was meant. I saw that she was not sorry that I had resolved to take care of myself, and that she gladly washed her hands of me.

A week from that day I was on my way to the city. I knew a Mrs. Watson, who was the keeper of a boarding-house. She was a widow, whose husband my father had once befriended. It was to her house I intended to go and seek an asylum, and among those who had been my father's friends in the days of his prosperity I meant to find my pupils.

Mrs. Watson received me kindly. But I saw that there was a struggle between gratitude and her natural womanly desire to aid me, and the motives for strict economy which ruled her life. She had daughters of her own, she told me, whom she was striving to educate, and a son, who though now learning business with a great wholesale firm, was still a burden upon her for a portion of his maintenance. And I saw that, though she wished to aid me, prudence told her that she could not afford such a luxury, at the the cost of any of her toilsomely acquired means.

I hastened to re-assure her. I had some ready money, and I knew that some of my father's former business friends would assist me in disposing of my library, which was very valuable. I had not come to live upon her bounty, but only to secure, if possible, beneath her roof a respectable and independent home.

The widow brightened as I told her this. I was just enough not to blame her for the shadows that had lain a moment before upon her care-worn face. But I need not linger upon this portion of my life.

I knew very little of the world, and had no preparation for the struggle I had entered upon. Six months after I entered Mrs. Watson's boarding-house, my only pupils were her daughters and the children of her grocer, and they were all I had been able to gain. The labor I bestowed upon these pupils paid my board, for Mrs. Watson had made some arrangement with the father of my little out-scholars, that the value of my services should be credited to her. I did not despair so long as my labor secured me a comfortable home, but it was very hard to be received coldly by those who had been my father's friends, who had perhaps received benefits from his hands in the days of his prosperity, and to find that when his child claimed from them only such small aid as would secure her a maintenance by her own labor, the associations and obligations of years were forgotten, or coolly disowned.

After a few of these unprofitable attempts, I desisted. I was not destitute, and I had a shelter, and in my pride I said I would no longer subject myself to the impertinence of these purse-proud people who could not recognize in me any worth, because of my poverty. But in six months I had spent all my money, my wardrobe needed replenishing, I had nothing for books, or charity, and I saw that something more must be done. I sent for the cases of my father's books, and selecting one of them, I offered its contents for sale.

They were sold at auction, and though valuable, being second-hand, the proceeds were so small that I found a second lot must follow. In six months more I had spent the whole proceeds of the sale of my father's library. All were gone save a small collection of miscellaneous works which I had reserved for myself.

I saw now that it was necessary for me to enlarge my efforts. I had no longer any resource except my mother's jewels, and I shrunk from sacrificing these as I had the books. I must go out again to seek employment, and there was the more need of it that Mrs. Watson had hinted to me that she thought her daughters must discontinue their lessons.

Again I sought employment. I advertised for pupils in music and painting. But my answers were few and discouraging. All who answered had some scheme by which they hoped to gain my services for a mere pittance, to make me an inmate of their families, or the governess of their children. I might have obtained a position in a school, but to my duties as teacher was added the care of a division of the school—twenty young ladies, whom I was to watch over by day and by night. I was not yet prepared to yield my independence, especially as no adequate remuneration for the sacrifice was ever offered. I calculated the smallest sum upon which I could live, I gave up my comfortable room for one of Mrs. Watson's attics, and found that my few out pupils would pay enough to cover expenses regulated by the strictest economy.

I had a good deal of leisure, and as I had no society, I naturally turned to books. But as I had no longer the ability to procure these, my pen seemed the only resource. I wrote at first to escape thought, and to banish loneliness and sad memories. As I became accustomed to the free expression of ideas, it grew into a pleasure, and finally became the one absorbing joy of my life. I was no longer alone. I lived in a world that I had peopled, but they who moved, and lived, and suffered, and enjoyed in it, were to me almost as real personages—my actual friends and companions.

Meanwhile, living thus apart, in this imaginary existence, I quite forgot to look carefully after my every-day, common-place affairs. I did not heed the fact that my debtors deferred payment until I suddenly found my purse empty when Mrs. Watson came to me and, with many apologies, asked for the long arrearages of my board, which I had likewise forgotten.

I laid aside my pen, and went out to ask for the money I had earned. It was my first experience of the kind, and I returned as penniless as I went. I had preferred my request as one asking a favor, and shrunk from refusal or postponement as if guilty of crime. The sight of Mrs. Watson's disappointment drove me out again. At the end of a week I had enough to pay her debt, but my purse was empty, and I had been dismissed from two places solely, as it seemed to me, because I had had the temerity to ask for the money which had for some time been my due. I was almost in despair, for my income now would not cover my expenses, and I felt that I should be driven to sacrifice some of those precious jewels which were my sole memorial of my lost mother. I tried to obtain more pupils, but for several days I was entirely unsuccessful.

One evening, worn and dispirited, I was ascending the stairs toward my attic, after trying vainly to eat the supper for which I had not the means to pay. On the landing I passed and acknowledged the salutations of two of my fellow-boarders. I had no acquaintance with them, but the elder, I had heard, was editor of one of the metropolitan magazines; the younger, whom I had scarcely noticed before, a friend of the editor's and contributor to his monthly. As I ascended the next flight I caught half an unfinished sentence, and with an instinctive feeling that it related to me, I involuntarily paused. It was this—

——"Looks like the 'tragic muse,' with her great eyes, and pale, sad face."

"The muses are her constant visitants, I am told," was answered in the voice of the elder man; "but whether tragic or comic, I would give something to know, though. That girl has talent, and a remarkable education for one of her sex and age. I wonder she will waste her powers in teaching brats to thrum the pianoforte, when her brain and pen might make her famous and independent of the sordid chance of such labor."

The outer door shut with a clang, and the sounds that had been borne up the well-staircase died away. But they were still ringing in my ear when I sat before my desk, and saw the piles of manuscripts which lay there, all written without purpose, but which, if the words I had heard were prophetic, might be the means of ridding me of the burden that oppressed me now.

But I linger too long. Ere I slept a package of neatly revised manuscript, containing a few poems, a sketch or two, and the first chapters of a new story, was enclosed to the address of the editor I have mentioned. I sent them, anonymously, and they were all so published; but my friend, for so he was even then, was not long in learning whence they came. For the first time I met encouragement in my efforts. For the first time, since my father's death, I enjoyed a cordial appreciation of my real self; for the first time I knew what it is to feel the genial influence of earnest, benevolent natures, sustaining, prompting, cheering one, but exacting in return no whit of sacrifice of independence in thought or action.

The editor introduced me to his young friend. They were of like natures—these two men,—though one had tested the world by experience, and the other, still full of the rare and beautiful enthusiasms of youth, saw it more bright and fair. Both were my friends. One, but that came later, after both of us had learned many lessons from life, my lover.

Five years had passed away since I parted from my stepmother. In all that time, no tidings, save one or two notes from Hester, had ever reached me, nor, so far as I know, had she ever sought to learn of my welfare. I had been a year married, a long, happy year, wherein my husband and I had learned to know, and love, and truly respect each other, every day. Our love constrained us into a true and beautiful union, in which, while a thousand mutual purposes bound us together, we still recognized our individual freedom, and were striving after such glorious attainments as should fulfill the poet's ideal of marriage, in which, at last, woman shall

"Set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

Then a tragic element mingled in our joy. Hester Lynde, a spectre of her former self—discarded by her mother, forsaken by the worthless husband whom she had followed across the sea, came to us, and craved the shelter of our home. It was given, and she and her little one found there, during the short span of their broken lives, such sweet home-comforts and kindly cares as had never brightened the years of my childhood and youth.

We nursed them tenderly, and tenderly laid them in the grave, and then my debts, if any I owed to that proud and heartless woman who had robbed my infancy of all its bloom and joyousness, were cancelled. I never sought to know more of her, and our paths and lives were thence forever sundered.

A WOMAN'S DESERT.

The following illustrative idea of what's a desert in a female mind? is taken from a novel entitled "Marriage:"

"Douglas saw the storm gathering on the brow of his capricious wife, and clasping her to his arms, he said:

"Are you indeed so changed, my Julia, that you have forgot the time when you used to declare you would prefer a desert with your Henry, to a throne with another?"

"No, certainly, not changed: but—I—I did not then know what a desert was; or at least I had formed rather a different idea of it."

"What was your idea of a desert?" said her husband, laughing; "do tell me, love——"

"Oh, I had fancied it a beautiful place, full of roses and myrtles, and smooth green turf, and murmuring rivulets, and though very retired, not absolutely out of the world, where one could occasionally see one's friends and give parties and be free from the cares of crying babies."

DO NOT DEPEND UPON OTHERS.—Your success must depend upon your own individual exertions. Trust not to the assistance of friends, but learn that every man must be the architect of his own fortune.

IT is a mistake to regard chimney sweeps as aspiring individuals, because they climb occasionally to high places. They are a very happy, contented class—perfectly *sooted* with their business.

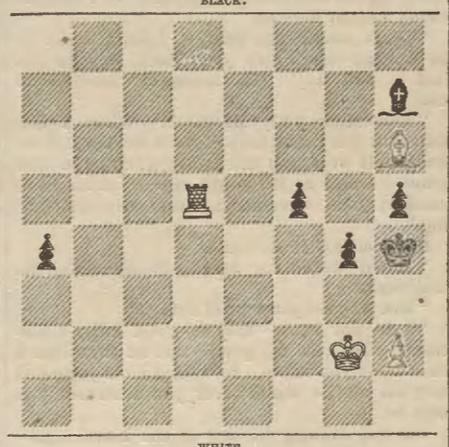
CHESS DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY PAUL MORPHY

PROBLEM No. XIX.

By Rudolph Willmers, of Vienna.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XVIII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q. to Q. eighth	1. Kt. to K. third (A)
2. Q. to K. B. sixth	2. B. takes Q. (B)
3. R. to K. B. fifth	3. Anything.
4. Mates.	
	A.
	1. R. to B. fifth
2. Kt. to Q. B. fifth (ch)	2. K. moves
3. Q. to K. R. fourth	3. Anything.
4. Mates.	
	B.
	2. B. to K. B. fourth
3. R. takes B. (ch)	3. Anything
4. Q. or Kt. mates.	

GAME TWENTY-FIRST.

And seventeenth of the series between Labourdonnais and M'Donnell.

(QUEEN'S GAMBIT.)

WHITE. *Labourdonnais.*	BLACK. *M'Donnell.*
1. P. to Q. fourth	1. P. to Q. fourth
2. P. to Q. B. fourth	2. P. takes P.
3. P. to K. third	3. P. to K. fourth
4. K. B. takes P.	4. P. takes P.
5. P. takes P.	5. K. Kt. to B. third
6. Q. Kt. to B. third	6. K. B. to K. second (a)
7. K. Kt. to B. third	7. Castles
8. Q. B. to K. third	8. P. to Q. B. third
9. P. to K. R. third	9. Q. Kt. to K. second
10. K. B. to Q. Kt. third	10. Q. Kt. to Q. Kt. third
11. Castles	11. K. Kt. to Q. fourth (b)
12. P. to Q. R. fourth	12. P. to Q. R. fourth
13. K. Kt. to K. fifth	13. Q. B. to K. third
14. K. B. to Q. B. second	14. P. to K. B. fourth (c)
15. Q. to K. second	15. P. to K. B. fifth
16. Q. B. to Q. second	16. Q. to K. square
17. Q. R. to K. square	17. B. to K. B. second (d)
18. Q. to K. fourth	18. P. to K. Kt. third
19. B. takes K. B. P.	19. Kt. takes B.
20. Q. takes Kt.	20. Q. B. to Q. B. fifth (e)
21. Q. to K. R. sixth	21. Q. B. takes R. (f)
22. B. takes K. Kt. P.	22. P. takes B.
23. Kt. takes P.	23. Kt. to Q. B. square (g)
24. Q. to K. R. eighth (ch)	24. K. to B. second
25. Q. to R. seventh (ch)	25. K. to K. B. third
26. Kt. to K. B. fourth	26. Q. B. to Q. sixth
27. R. to K. sixth (ch)	27. K. to Kt. fourth
28. Q. to R. sixth (ch)	28. K. to B. fourth
29. R. or P. checkmates. (h)	

NOTES.

(a) See notes on previous games at the same opening.

(b) M'Donnell has now obtained his favorite position in the Queen's Gambit. It is far from being a commendable one. At his eighth move he should rather have played Queen's Bishop to King's Knight's fifth, and then have brought out his Queen's Knight.

(c) 14. P. to K. B. third, with a view of dislodging the Knight, would have resulted in the same position; suppose

	14. P. to K. B. third
15. Q. to K. R. fifth	15. P. to K. B. fourth (best)
16. Q. to K. second	

and we arrive at the position occurring after White's sixteenth move in the text.

(d) Fearing the loss of a Pawn by 18. Kt. takes Q. B. P., etc., Black's proper course was to retreat the Bishop to Queen's second.

(e) Black foresaw this move when he played 17. Q. B. to B. second, but he evidently did not foresee that he could not capture without immediately losing the game.

(f) After this move Black's game is indefensible. He should have returned with his Bishop to Bishop's second. White, however, has gained a clear Pawn, and, in any event, has by far the better game.

(g) Black has a lost game, but he might have considerably prolonged the contest by 23. K. B. to B. third. Let us suppose

	23. K. B. to B. third
24. R. takes Q. (best)	24. K. R. takes Q.
25. K. takes B.	25. B. takes Q. P.

and although Black must ultimately lose, owing to White's passed Pawns on the Queen's side, his position is more tenable than that attainable by any other line of play.

(h) A contest admirably managed by Labourdonnais.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

PEOPLE are so in the habit of "patronizing" everybody and everything, that we were quite prepared to hear a lady say she should "not patronize Niagara any more!" Think of that! A mortal thing in lace and ribbons playing the lady patron to the flood that God has poured from the hollow of His hand, and bound about with rainbows, and made a record of in His eternal rocks.

NOTHING is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation. Our weaknesses are thus indemnified, and are not too costly—being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness. And the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it.

SOME persons would fain command respect on account of the mere length of their years—as if, forsooth, what is bad in itself could be the better for keeping; as if intellects, already *mothery*, could get anything but *grandmothery* by lapse of time.

A MAN must see and study his vice to correct it; they who conceal it from others commonly conceal it from themselves, and do not think it covered enough if they themselves see it.

ALL of us pay a high price for the manhood we attain—nothing less than the sweet faith of childhood; all along the way, from morning till high noon, robbers exact the toll of life.

IT will not be thonght strange that dreams are occasionally fulfilled when we consider that millions of dreams occur every night and millions of events every day.

How many pleasant reminiscences revive in our memories whilst thinking of a departed friend, like secret writing brought out by the kindly warmth of the fire.

MAKE use of others if you can do so legitimately; a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant, can see farther than the giant himself.

PLACES are given away by government as often for the sake of silencing animosity as in the hope of assistance from the parties benefitted.

NOW-A-DAYS, as soon as a novel has had its run, and is beginning to be forgotten, out comes an edition of it as a "standard novel."

THE bailiff and the undertaker look upon a failing man with the same hope—namely, to take the body.

THE leaves of the forest, touched by the autumn frost, are like our joys—seem brightest when departing.

AN irresolute man's mind is generally, as Richard the Third said of his own body, "but half made up."

THERE are few men who are not a great deal more solicitous about their wives' consciences than their own.

AT a late militia muster in Kentucky, a big keg was used as a drum. If there was anything in the keg, we guess the men rallied at the tap.

IT is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun.

A CHAP, on being asked what he would do if he were banished to the woods, said he thought he should *split*.

"WHAT are you looking after, my daughter?" "Looking after a son-in-law for you and father."

"ARE you still boarding, my friend?" "No, I'm keeping house, I'm *above board*."

IN the service of a superior, it is of little avail to be secret if a fellow is not a liar to boot.

A LARGE heart expands the chest; it is a great deal better than gymnastics.

BE gentle in old age. Peevishness is worse in second childhood than in the first.

To put Puss into boots makes her a very tall cat; she stands four feet in her boots.

THOSE men who are in perpetual fear of their wives are undoubtedly fine specimens of sheep-husbandry.

LOVE is a plant, which may bud in this life, but must open and bloom and flourish in another.

A GOOD way to light some cities with gas would be to set fire to their editors.

WOMEN are like breadstuffs—when they are very scarce, they are very dear.

LET infancy look forward, and age backward; this seems the true significance of Janus's double face.

LET no man be ashamed to speak what he is not ashamed to think and to feel.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A LADY in Brooklyn accidentally set one of her skirts on fire a few mornings since, and being of cotton it was instantly in a blaze. Over it was her dressing-gown and under it her hoop; and with great presence of mind she unloosed the fastenings of the flaming garment and cast it upon the hearth, where it burned to cinders. This is a method of disposing of such a dangerous incumbrance that is well worth remembering; as, if the lady had run for assistance to any one, or screamed and waited for assistance to come to her, she would undoubtedly have been fatally injured.

THE captain of the British vessel *Weymouth*, reports that in the early part of November, while off New Foundland, he came upon a field of floating ice, on which he discovered the body of a man, lying as if asleep. He sent a boat to examine the body as closely as possible, the crew of which ascertained that it was lifeless and contained nothing by which it could be identified. It seems to us that they should have taken the body aboard the ship, and subjected it to the closest scrutiny.

A GREAT variety of highly interesting Anglo-Saxon antiquities was recently discovered near Abington, England. Numerous graves have been opened, in which weapons of various kinds were found buried with the dead. Even small boys had their spears and shields interred with their bones. These relics are of very ancient date, and rather Indian-like in their mode of burial and arrangement.

THE Spaniards seem to be determined to push their Moorish neighbors to the uttermost, and secure as many commanding points on the southern side of the Straits of Gibralter as possible. It is said that Louis Napoleon will then "acquire" their strongholds by treaty, and set about making Gibraltar, Malta and Cypress too uncomfortable for English residents.

A SUSPENSION bridge over the Sciota river, at Portsmouth, O., lately fell, on account of the giving way of the piers on one side of the stream; and two men who had foolishly set out to cross the structure, although emphatically warned not to do so, as it was seen to be tottering, were precipitated into the river amidst the ruins, and instantly killed.

A LADY living in West Seventeenth street, who had been without a servant girl for several days, and who prided herself on her knowledge of human nature, recently met a girl in the street and engaged her to do general housework, but the next morning she had decamped and taken several dresses, lace collars, handkerchiefs, etc., with her.

NAOMI HERZ, a little girl six years of age, who lived with her parents in Broome street, while sliding down the bannisters of the second story stairs, lost her balance and fell to the floor below, and striking her face on the teeth of a garden-rake that was lying in the hall, was wounded and disfigured in a most horrible manner, one of her eyes being torn from its socket.

REV. DR. LIVINGSTONE, the noted African traveller, has discovered another great lake in the interior of that country, and a highly fertile region in which cotton of luxurious growth abounds. "Ethiopia shall (yet) stretch forth her hands," etc., according to ancient prophecy.

A GANG of Indians in Minnesota, who had got possession of a keg of whiskey, recently had a regular aboriginal carouse, during which a couple of them got into a drunken fight, when one of the belligerents cut the other's throat and scalped him.

A COMPANY of raftsmen on the Susquehannah river got into a desperate fight a short time since, in which they used axes, pikes, poles, logs of wood, etc., and several of them were so bruised and mutilated as hardly to be recognizable.

A TRAIN of cars on the Joliet (Ill.) Railroad, recently had to run through a burning prairie, the roaring, rolling flames of which presented a spectacle like that of the burning of Moscow.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is reported to have lately had another of those terrible nervous attacks which it is supposed by his physicians will, if not overcome, eventually render him a raving maniac.